

HOPE—Chief trading center of the richest diversified farming section of Arkansas. Hempstead county alone has an annual income of one million dollars from truck crops.

Hope Star

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(AP)—Means Associated Press.
(NBA)—Means Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.

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ZEPPELIN WORKER INDICTED

Soup Kitchen at
Oglesby to Close
Here Next Month

P.-T. A. Venture Has Serv-
ed Meals to as Many
as 120 in Single Day

TWO MEALS A DAY

Children Off Bus Routes
and From City, Also
Aided With Clothes

The Oglesby Soup Kitchen, which has been serving rural and city schoolchildren for the last four months, will be closed some time next month, officials of the Oglesby P.-T. A. announced Monday.

Because it is the chief unloading point for school buses which ply between Hope and nearby rural communities, Oglesby had a particularly difficult problem in the feeding of children, not only charity cases, but students who during bad weather were unable to return home for the luncheon hour.

Two Meals Per Day

Oglesby P.-T. A. met the situation by establishing a soup kitchen which served two meals daily, breakfast and luncheon. Meals were charged for in the case of youngsters whose parents were able to pay, thus saving the students a walk home at noon during stormy weather. But many, both in the city and country, were furnished free meals.

The soup kitchen during the last four months has served an average of from 60 to 80 students a day, and on one occasion served as high as 120. These enjoyed both breakfast and luncheon, running the total number of meals per day between 120 and 160, and as many as 240.

The members of the P.-T. A. volunteer for work at the soup kitchen each school-day. Mrs. Tom Coleman has supervised the buying and the teachers, under direction of the principal, Miss Mina Mae Milburn, have reported on each individual case among the students.

Furnished Clothes

In addition to food, the more needy children have been supplied with clothes, ranging all the way from occasional articles to a complete outfit. On one day there were 69 children thus supplied.

The soup kitchen has been maintained exclusive of the regular P.-T. A. funds, by gifts of money, food and used clothes from the residents of Hope. The stores have also contributed food in bulk, and the seasons' work is now drawing to a successful close, according to Mrs. Ralph Routon and Mrs. Hatley White.

Quarrel at Dance
Ends in Shooting

C. S. Houck Arrested Sun-
day Morning Near
Garland City

TEXARKANA—As the result of a quarrel at a dance Saturday night at the Bluebird Inn, six miles east of Texarkana, William Hodge, aged 30, a farmer, was shot and wounded fatally. C. S. Houck, aged 50, another farmer was arrested, charged with the shooting, and will be given a preliminary hearing in Municipal Court here.

Police were told that Hodge and Houck quarreled over one of the women dancers. Witnesses said Houck went out into the yard, followed by Hodge, and the report of a pistol was heard. Hodge was found dead in the yard.

Houck disappeared but was arrested about 6 Sunday morning near Garland City. He is in jail here. He has a family, but is separated from his wife.

Officers said Hodge recently served a term in federal prison on a liquor charge.

Boy Shoots Father
To Protect Mother

GARLAND COUNTY YOUTH
Claims Drunken Father
Mistreated Her

HOT SPRINGS—(AP)—Accused over abusive treatment of his mother, Ralph Meeks, 19, left his sick bed late Sunday and shot his father, Ralph Meeks, 45-year-old farmer, killing him. No charges were preferred by officers pending young Meeks' recovery from an attack of stupor.

Sheriff James Floyd, who investigated the shooting at the Meeks home 20 miles west of here, said the elder Meeks had been drinking heavily for two days, and according to his son's story, was abusing his mother. Garland county officers said he had been troublesome "for the past 10 years."

Sheriff Floyd advised the boy to report to him when he was sufficiently recovered to leave his home.

Class of '72 Doubts Whoopie Existed Then

W. T. Brooks, Returning to University of Arkansas, Reveals That an Old Graduate Remembers Much But Has Forgotten More—Admits Old Fayetteville Had Two Salons in His Day

FAYETTEVILLE.—(UP)—Betty Codd and Joe Collegiate of the good old days would be out of step in 1931. At least, W. T. Brooks, a member of the first University of Arkansas class in 1872, thinks so.

After being away from his alma mater for 59 years, the former Razorback student remarked: "The modern student doesn't study enough. I wouldn't say they are worse now than they were then—in some ways—but it seems to me these so-called activities take up a great deal of the student's time."

Brooks, now a resident of Broken Arrow, Okla., visited Fayetteville and the university recently. The Razorback institution certainly has grown, at least one of her earliest sons thinks so. In 1872 the entire student body met classes in a two-story frame building. A decided contrast to the present day campus, the former student pointed out.

"I guess football is all right," Brooks mused, "however it must take up a great deal of time. When I enrolled in the University athletics were absent

Price Subsidy For Farm Is Demanded

Senator Watson's State-
ment Follows Board's
Abandoning

WASHINGTON.—(P)—A renewed demand for the equalization fee plan of disposing of agricultural surpluses was voiced Monday by Republican Leader Watson of the senate.

Senator Watson's statement came in the wake of the Farm Board's announcement that it would purchase none of the 1931 wheat crop.

Senator Watson has long advocated the fee provision which was included in the McNary-Haugen bill vetoed by President Coolidge.

Bank Robbery at Nashville, \$9,000

Two Masked Men Get
Away in Raid in
Tennessee

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—(P)—Two masked robbers Monday held up the Contenporial Park branch of the American National Bank here and escaped with approximately \$9,000.

The robbers had gained entrance to the bank sometime during the night, and when the janitor arrived made him a prisoner until morning.

Later they met J. W. Stone, a teller, as he entered the bank, and forced him at the point of a gun to open the vault.

Man and Sweetheart
Die in Plane Crash

ST. LOUIS.—(P)—Raymond S. Bowers, 23, and his sweetheart, Miss Elizabeth Eslinger, 22, were instantly killed Sunday when a plane piloted by Bowers fell from an altitude of 200 feet on the outskirts of St. Louis, struck high tension wires and burned.

Bowers, who received his pilot's license three days ago, was a sergeant in the aviation section Missouri National Guard. Miss Eslinger's home was in Wellston, a suburb.

She is survived by her mother, two brothers, a sister, and five children.

Dickie Kerr, diminutive pitcher formerly with the Chicago White Sox, who has been playing and managing semi-pro baseball, will retire from playing this year. He is 37 years old.

For salaries and other administration expenses of the department, there was \$275,000 appropriated for each of two years.

Appropriations for various phases of highway construction, maintenance, and bond principal and interest payments were made for the next biennium in Act No. 28, introduced as a bill by the joint legislative roads and highways committee.

The act authorizes the issuance of \$30,000,000 in bonds for the biennium for construction and turnback to counties.

For the fiscal year ending February 28, 1932, there was appropriated \$3,892,500 for interests on highway bonds, and for the fiscal year ending February 28, 1933, \$1,492,000 was appropriated for interest payments on highway bonds.

from the activity roll. No gymnasium or football fields for us."

Brooks said that 59 years ago an Arkansas student went to school at 8 o'clock in the morning and stayed all day long. That was not on a regular class schedule as it is today, he stated.

Social life when the university was in its infant year was as near zero as it could be. A few scattered events, well-chaperoned, were held. Three dances a week, with a great deal of social activities mixed in during the remainder of the time, is the schedule followed by the 1931 student.

"Yes, we had salons in those days," Brooks said, when questioned about the comparative wet and dry situation in '31 and '72. "I think Fayetteville had two salons. There were no complaints made and I don't believe I ever saw or heard of a woman student drinking. I don't believe the men were as rowdy with their drinking then as now," he mused.

The former student thinks women smoking is ridiculous. He said so after watching one smoke while coming to Fayetteville on a bus. It didn't happen in '72, Brooks reflected.

Bulletins

HORSE ISLAND, Newfoundland—(AP)—Pilot Bob Fogg, who flew from Concorn, N. H., to obtain photographs of the Viking disaster, crashed on Horse Island Monday. His plane was damaged but neither Fogg nor his companion were seriously injured.

PARAGOULD—(P)—A murder charge was filed against Cleo Walker here Monday in connection with the slaying Sunday of Joel Fletcher, 24-year-old tailor of Clarkdale, Miss. Fletcher died of knife wounds. Walker claimed he stabbed him in self-defense following a quarrel. Fletcher formerly lived in Paragould.

CRIMINAL COURTS BUILD-
ING, Chicago.—(P)—The jury to try Leo Brothers for the murder of Alfred (Jake) Lingle, Chicago Tribune reporter, was completed shortly before noon Monday and immediately sworn in.

Negro Nursemaid Killed on Tracks

Emma Powell, 48, Hit By
Missouri Pacific at
1:30 a.m. Sunday

Stepping onto the Missouri Pacific tracks while returning home from work, Emma Powell, 48-year-old negro nursemaid, was struck and instantly killed at 1:30 o'clock Sunday morning by a southbound passenger train, on the Hazel street crossing.

The woman had taken care of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Moon, while the latter attended the midnight show at the Saenger theater Saturday night, and was returning home when the train struck her. The impact broke her neck and she apparently died instantly.

She is survived by her mother, two brothers, a sister, and five children.

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Postoffice Drops Bodcaw Proposal, The Star Learns

New Mail Route From
This City Is Declared
Abandoned

LETTER TO BODCAW

Postmaster Herring Is
Told That Washington
Has Reconsidered Project

The proposed government contract for a new star mail route from this city to Bodcaw, in lower Nevada county, which was advertised for letting last month, has been abandoned according to information reaching The Star Monday.

Postmaster P. H. Herring, of Bodcaw, received a letter last week advising that the federal Postoffice Department had decided not to proceed with the project.

Project Abandoned

When the middle of February came and went without action on the proposed new route, Postmaster Herring and other lower Nevada county citizens wrote for information; and the letter arriving last week was the first public hint that the announcement made in January was to be retracted.

The original announcement came from Washington and was released by the Hope postmaster, J. A. Davis. Interviewed by The Star Monday, Mr. Davis had nothing to say. He had not been advised of any change in plans, he said.

It is understood here that the official order advising Postmaster Herring at Bodcaw of the abandonment of the star route plans, cited the fact that other Nevada county points regarded the present mail service into Bodcaw as being adequate, and making the further expense of a star route out of Hope, unprofitable.

Good Roads Today

Hope had been interested in the project ever since the discontinuance of a star route from this city into lower Nevada county January 1, 1929. At that time the roads east of Hope were in bad condition; but since then the State Highway Department has completed a gravel highway from Hope to both Rosston and Bodcaw, opening up the entire territory to this city.

It was contended by lower Nevada county citizens that restoring the star route from Hope would benefit Bodcaw by giving it mail direct from the three local railroads each morning within an hour and a half after the dispatch of the carrier from this city.

The present service to Bodcaw is dispatched from Prescott to Rosston, and relayed from that point to the lower Nevada county town.

Mill Employee's Wife Kills Self

Mrs. J. H. Frazier Dies at
Hospital After Drink-
ing Poison

BLITZVILLE—Mrs. J. H. Frazier, aged 39, wife of a foreman at the Chicago Mills here, committed suicide at her home Sunday by drinking carbolic acid.

Her husband, returning from the mill found her lying unconscious on the floor in her room. He hailed a passing motorist, who rushed her to the hospital, where she died a few minutes later without having regained consciousness.

Examination of the body revealed that death was caused by poison. Frazier, accompanied by Coroner W. H. Stovall, searched Mrs. Frazier's room and found a bottle that had contained carbolic acid. Frazier said he had known no reason why his wife should have killed herself. No formal inquest was held.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Frazier is survived by a son, Paul, aged 19, and a daughter, Isa May, aged 21. The body will be taken to Union City, Tenn., Mrs. Frazier's former home, for burial Tuesday.

Butler Denounces Decline of Party

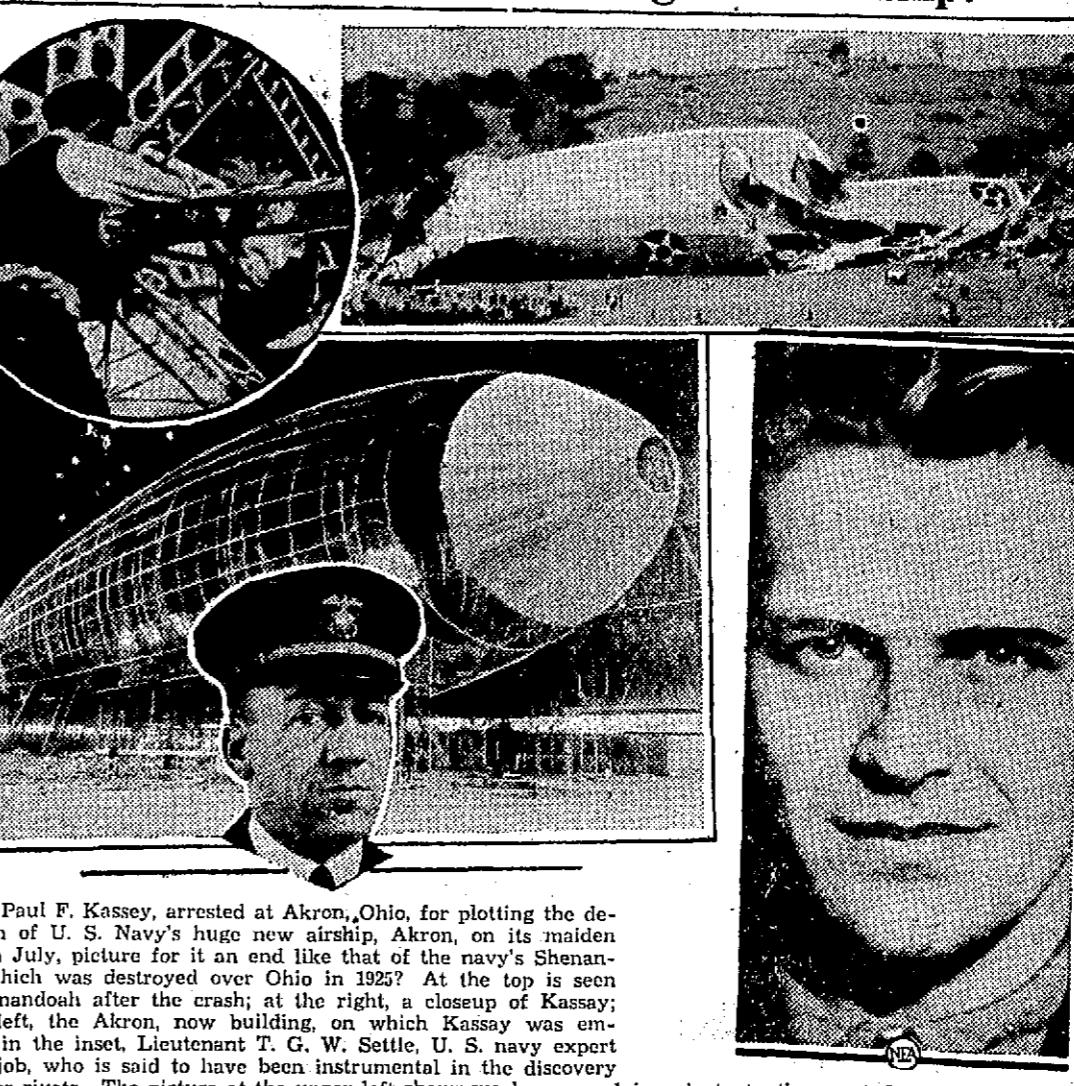
Formal Political Organiza-
tions Have Lost Re-
sponsibility, He Says

BERKELEY, Calif.—(P)—Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, delivered an indictment against American politics in an address here Monday.

He asserted: "We have achieved the well-known miracle of unrepresentative government."

In speaking before the University of California on Charter day, he declared that party organization and responsibility have disappeared in the United States.

Did He Picture This Fate for Huge New Airship?



Did Paul F. Kassey, arrested at Akron, Ohio, for plotting the destruction of U. S. Navy's huge new airship, Akron, on its maiden flight in July, picture for it an end like that of the navy's Shenandoah, which was destroyed over Ohio in 1925? At the top is seen the Shenandoah after the crash; at the right, a closeup of Kassey; in the center, the Akron, now building, on which Kassey was employed; in the inset, Lieutenant T. G. W. Settle, U. S. navy expert on the job, who is said to have been instrumental in the discovery of omitted rivets. The picture at the upper left shows workmen applying rivets to the great frame. Government officials announced that Kassey had admitted he intended to damage the big airship, but he has since denied the charge.

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Hope Star

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The Star's Platform

CITY

Apply the revenues of the municipal power plant to develop the industrial and social resources of Hope.

More city pavement in 1932, and improved sanitary conditions in the alleys and business back-roads.

Support the Chamber of Commerce.

COUNTY

A county highway program providing for the construction of a certain amount of all-weather roads each year, to gradually reduce the dirt-road mileage.

Political and economic support for every scientific agricultural program which offers practical benefits to Hempstead county's greatest industry.

Encourage farmer organizations, believing that co-operative effort is as practical in the country as it is in town.

STATE

Continued progress on the state highway program.

Fearless tax reform, and a more efficient government through the budget system of expenditures.

Free Arkansas from the cattle tick.

Makeshift Job Relief

SINCE the early days of the republic, it has always been the national political campaign that has drawn most of the average American's attention.

Local campaigns come and go—almost unnoticed, sometimes. Time after time, an American city will elect a mayor and a city council with more than half of the qualified voters failing to go to the polls. It is hard to get the voters out except in national campaigns.

Yet the simple fact is that the average voter has a far greater financial stake in his city and state election than he does in the presidential and senatorial contests.

Here is a little example that illustrates the case.

A perfectly ordinary American householder made his annual federal income tax payment recently. After he had made all of his authorized deductions, he found that he owed the federal treasury slightly less than one dollar. He paid it and went his way rejoicing.

Now this same American owns a house in a middle western city. Twice a year he is compelled to pay taxes on this property for the support of his city, county and state governments. These taxes average close to \$250 a year, and he pays them with an uncomplaining fatalism.

Compare the two tax burdens that this man carries. To the federal government he pays less than a dollar a year. To his local government he pays more than 250 times that much.

Yet this man—a fair specimen of the American electorate—seldom bothers to vote, except in a national election! He follows national politics keenly. He can tell you all about President Hoover's record as president; he can describe the leading candidates for the Democratic nomination in 1932, and he can tell you fairly accurately what the senators from his state and the congressman from his district have been doing in Washington in the past two years.

But he can hardly tell you anything about the men who run his state and city governments. He could not name half of the members of his city council if his life depended on it. He can name the governor of his state, but he has no idea whether this official is providing an economical and honest administration. He could not possibly tell you who the state representatives and senators from his district are, or what sort of public servants they are.

He pays 250 times as much to support these governments as he does to support the federal government—but he knows next to nothing about them. As a result, he will continue to pay 250 times as much for a long time to come.

Why We Go to College

A COLLEGE or a university is generally believed to be a sort of warehouse where innumerable facts are stored, to be sorted out and delivered, in proper quantities, to aspiring students who come in search of knowledge. But Dr. Ernest M. Hopkins, president of Dartmouth College, told middle-western alumni of Dartmouth the other day that this conception of a college is entirely wrong.

Indeed, he asserted, the prime function of a college is not at all to give knowledge to its students. It does its part if it merely imparts to them an inquiring and understanding habit of mind.

"Nothing is more useless than a fact by itself," says Dr. Hopkins. "The only thing a liberal arts college can do is to offer the atmosphere and environment in which education can be got."

All of this is perfectly sound, and educators all over the country have been saying it for years; but since it runs counter to the ordinary conception of higher education it is worth looking at a bit.

During the last two decades the ranks of college students in the United States have been enormously increased. A far higher percentage of young people is going to college today than was the case a generation ago; and back of this increase lies a fervent hope, on the part of hundreds of thousands of parents, that the colleges will somehow contrive to stuff their offspring with knowledge that will bring larger pay-checks, finer homes and a more comfortable station in life.

Unfortunately, it doesn't always work out that way; and a greater deal of disappointment would be prevented if there could only be a wider understanding of the truth of Dr. Hopkins' remarks.

The college does not exist primarily to enable young people to make more money when they get out into the world. It is not supposed to load their brains with facts so that they will be walking encyclopedias. The most it can hope to do is put them into contact with the thoughts of great minds, and teach them to maintain an inquiring and unprejudiced attitude. As Dr. Hopkins says, it aims not so much to teach the students to do something as to teach them to be something.

But it probably will take us a long time to realize this. We demand tangible results when we put our money on the line. When we send our son off to college we fondly expect that he will emerge, after four years of it, ready to become a captain of industry or a highly salaried professional man. It is hard for us to understand that a broadened horizon can be, in itself, worth the expense of a college education.

The Annual Epidemic of Spots Before the Eyes!



Daily WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON.—There is, of course, something to the idea that a candidate can get so far out in front that his position thereby becomes precarious.

Democrats who favor Governor Franklin Roosevelt of New York admit to some worry on that count and the supporters of other candidates protest to derive considerable comfort from it.

Nevertheless, it is possible to lay too much stress on the fact that the man who is obviously in the lead among nomination possibilities makes a good target to shoot at. And the suggestion that such a position is almost fatal is nonsensical.

Besides Roosevelt, those principally discussed as possibilities at the recent Democratic committee meeting were Owen D. Young, Al Smith and Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas. As far as this writer can gather, the only one of the three who presents a threat to Roosevelt at this time is Young. And not very much of a threat, apparently, at that. It was commonly understood that the Raskob-Shouse management of the national party organization favored Young and that Raskob had hopes that Smith might again be the candidate.

Outside New York there seems to be some snappy support for Young, but it is by no means comparable to the enthusiasm expressed for Roosevelt by committeemen from all sections of the country.

Disappointed on Smith

Quite a few Democrats were disappointed at what they considered indications that Smith had yearnings for another nomination. Most of them have deep admiration for the ex-governor and admit that it was a piece of bad luck for him that he had to run in a "Republican year" instead of 1932, which they feel should be a "Democratic year."

As for Robinson, when he sailed into Raskob and the "house rule plan" in an unnecessarily vitriolic speech, it appeared as if Joe had presidential aspirations, too. Your correspondent searched industriously, but somehow couldn't find any persons with opinions worth considering who really took the so-called "Robinson boom" seriously.

Nor did any formidable rival develop. That is, no one who it is at this time easy to imagine might be successfully used as a rallying point by anti-Rooseveltites. There was some talk to the effect that Roosevelt wasn't as strong and forceful a man as the party should have and that there was need for a Moses, but no one produced the Moses.

Widow and Old Friends Willed His Liquors

PHILADELPHIA.—(UPI)—Rare old wines and liquors were bequeathed to his widow and three friends in a will left by Edward Francis Henson, insurance organizer and president of the Pennsylvania Lumbermen's Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

"Some of the wines and liquors," Henson wrote in his will, "belong to Justin Peters, William Henry Smedley and J. Anderson Ross. They and my wife can agree upon the proper division."

Bothered with Backache?
It May Warn of Disordered Kidneys.

If troubled with backache, bladder irritations, and getting up at night, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Miss Nell Horn, of Prescott, spent yesterday with Hope friends.

Enrollment at Notre Dame university will be limited to 3,000 next fall. Quotas for the five colleges are: Arts and letters, 1,000; science, 500; engineering, 500; law, 200, and commerce 600.



Farmers Save Millions By New Tax on Oleo

WASHINGTON.—(UPI)—Major farm and dairy organizations say agriculture will be saved \$1,000,000 a day by the Brigham-Townsend bill, which places a tax of 10 cents a pound on all colored oleomargarine.

The bill was perhaps the biggest farm issue before the closing session of the seventy-first congress and was won with less than 24 hours to spare. It becomes effective in June. Uncolored oleo will be taxable at one-fourth a pound, as heretofore.

Demand for the legislation arose last November when David Burnet, commissioner of internal revenue, ruled that oleomargarine manufacturers could use palm oil to color oleo yellow in the semblance of butter without paying the 10 cents tax required on "artificially" colored oleomargarine.

Burnet held that palm oil, sometimes compromising from 10 to 30 percent of the ingredients in a pound of oleo, was a natural rather than an artificial coloring.

The ruling had the effect of erasing all the previous protection congress had given butter, and dairy specialists said the resulting drop in butter prices represented a loss of \$1,000,000 a day.

Under the Brigham-Townsend bill oleomargarine which looks like butter will be taxed 10 cents a pound regardless of how or with what it is colored. Its purpose is to narrow the competitive advantage which the more cheaply manufactured product has over butter.

Except for federal appropriations for drought and unemployment relief, the bill was about the only important farm legislation of the session.

The President's veto of the Muscle Shoals bill which proposed private manufacture of fertilizer and government production of power—the latter of which might have set a precedent in low cost of rural electrification—closed that measure to possible agricultural benefit.

And efforts to place embargoes or higher tariffs on numerous farm products likewise failed. Enemies of the proposed embargo on crude oil say its failure saved American farm users of motor vehicles and equipment from \$50,000,000 to \$510,000,000 annually.

Cowpeas Used as Legume By Mississippi Farmers

JACKSON, Miss.—(UPI)—Production of cowpeas in Mississippi increased from 230,000 bushels to 310,000 bushels last year, and still there is not enough seed for the needs of farmers in the state, says J. C. Holton, Commissioner of agriculture.

Holton says the cowpea is the most economical and most easily planted of all legumes for Mississippians. Nearly 2,000,000 acres of corn in the state, he says, should be seeded to cowpeas at laying-by time to enrich the soil.

The cowpea, he points out, has long been used as a soil building crop, even before the nitrogen-gathering ability of legumes was understood.

Athens high school's Hornets, who have won the 1931 Texas state basketball championship in a field of 1,500 teams, also won that title in '27 and '29 and the national title in '29 and '30.

One Cent a Day Pays Up to \$100 a Month

The Postal Life & Casualty Insurance Co., 4753 Dierks Building, Kansas City, Mo., is offering a new accident policy that pays up to \$100 a month for 24 months for disability and \$1,000.00 for death—costs less than 1¢ a day—\$3.50 a year. Over \$6,000 already have this protection. Men, women and children, aged 10 to 70, eligible. Send no money. Simply send name, address, age, beneficiary's name and relationship and they will send this policy on 10 days' FREE inspection. No examination is required. This offer is limited, so write them today.

Bissonette Hunts for Health



Northern Maine's big woods, with its fine hunting, is bringing Del Bissonette, above, Brooklyn first baseman, back to health again and Del is expected to flash his old time form for Uncle Robbie in 1931. Bissonette played most of the 1930 season recovering from the effects of a mastoid operation. At the Brooklyn star's hunting lodge in Greenville, Me., have been several guests, including Walter Gilbert, Brooklyn third baseman; Max West of Jersey City in the International League and Clint Blume, former Giants' pitcher and others.

CARLOAD EAR CORN

on Frisco tracks Wednesday

Southern Grain & Produce Co.



SOUND ADVICE

by your Fertilizer Dealer

No. 4

in a Series appearing in this newspaper

GIVE first thought to nitrogen this year in ordering fertilizers. It's nitrogen that gives your crops healthy growth and healthy yield. This year, more than ever, on account of unusual dry weather, nitrogen is most lacking in the soil.

Play safe. Buy plenty of Chilean Nitrate of Soda. I've got a big supply. Cheaper than it has been for years. New 100-lb. bags, too. Order now and be sure of your requirements.

Your Fertilizer Dealer

CHILEAN NITRATE now comes in new 100-lb. bags that make it more popular than ever. It always has been the dependable fertilizer of Southern farmers. Side dress, top dress with Chilean Nitrate...and increase your yields, quality and profits. Be sure you specify "Chilean." "Chilean" is the one important point to remember. It is your protection and your dealer's too. When you get "Chilean," then you'll get the real, money-making fertilizer—the natural nitrate. Remember the two kinds—Original Chilean (Crystalline) and Champion Brand (Granulated) both natural nitrate.

LOWEST PRICE
in years

NEW 100-lb. BAG
The bag without a backache.

Bankrupt Sale!

Only a few more days ad the Fair store will be but a memory in Hope. In the meantime you can take advantage of their loss. The entire stock is being closed out at prices ridiculously low.

Special Tuesday and Wednesday

New Easter Dresses

\$9.95 Values Just Arrived

These dresses were purchased before the Fair Store went bankrupt. They have just been unpacked—fresh from the style centers—and are being closed out at prices ridiculous.

Pretty, new Easter styles, only \$1.00.

25 MEN'S SUITS

Odd lots of men's suits—only 25 to pick from. Out they go! Marked down to, the suit

25c MEN'S STRAW HATS—One lot dress straws.

Regular \$2.95 and \$3.95 values
Sale price 50c and

25c PRINTS—Odd lots of the Fair store piece goods department.

Bankrupt Sale price, yard

8c

Liquidating the Fair Store in Hope

Walker Sales Co.

SOCIETY

Mrs. Sid Henry

Hast some heaven-sent task?
With promptness choose it;
Some little talent given
Fall not to use it.
Hast found some strain of truth?
Be quick to span it;
Or spark of latent good?
Be swift to fan it.
If wisdom's pearl is yet unfound,
Then seek it;
Is there some comfort-word unsaid?
Oh, speak it;
Is there a cry of woe un eased?
Then heed it;
Some worthy cause unhelped by thee?
Go spread it!
Behold life's rushing tide of ill
and stem it;
Where wrong is blatant—undisturbed
—condemn it.
Then thou the cords must lengthen
Where faith, hope, love, are weak—
hast thou to strengthen.
Selected.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Davis and little daughter, Peggy Joe, of Nashville were shopping in the city Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Cox had as Saturday guests, Mrs. R. A. Baker and Mrs. L. E. Flincher of Waldo, sisters of Mrs. Cox.

I. T. Bell Jr. of Texarkana spent the week end visiting with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Heath of Louisville were wed, and guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scarey.

Mrs. Dorris Cone Belsler of Little Rock is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hugh McGaughay and Mr. McGaughay.

John Hatley of Warren, spent the week end visiting with relatives in the city. He was accompanied home by Mrs. Hatley and children, who have spent the past two weeks visiting with Mrs. Corn Staggs and other relatives.

Miss Frances Patterson of Henderson Teachers College was the week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Davis and little daughter, Peggy Joe, of Nashville were shopping in the city Saturday.

We Urge You to See It!
—and bring the whole family
The World's Greatest Motion Picture

HELL'S ANGELS

BEN LYON, JAMES HALL, JEAN HARLOW

LAST TIME TODAY

Then Gone Forever

SAENGER

Coming TUESDAY Only

The Season's best Attraction

ON THE STAGE

20 GLORIOUS FUNSTERS
Singers and dancers in the

CHICAGO FOLLIES

One Hour of Glorious Fun

CHES DAVIS — 

"HONEY GAL" COB MME QUEEN'S ONLY RIVAL
CLINT COLE AND HIS MELODY BAND

10 DANCING DARLINGS 10

DOLLY TAYLOR BUDDIE RYAN GLADYS HODGE DENNIS MADDEN MARY AUSTIN HARRY LORENZO

SONGS MUSIC STEPS LAUGHS

Than You Ever Saw Before

—ON THE SCREEN—

To Further Your Entertainment

Don't miss the antics of the hilarious old lady from Brazil where the nuts come from!

The comedy mirthquake that will set the world rocking with laughter!



Charley's Aunt
with CHARLIE RUGGLES
JUNIOR COLE

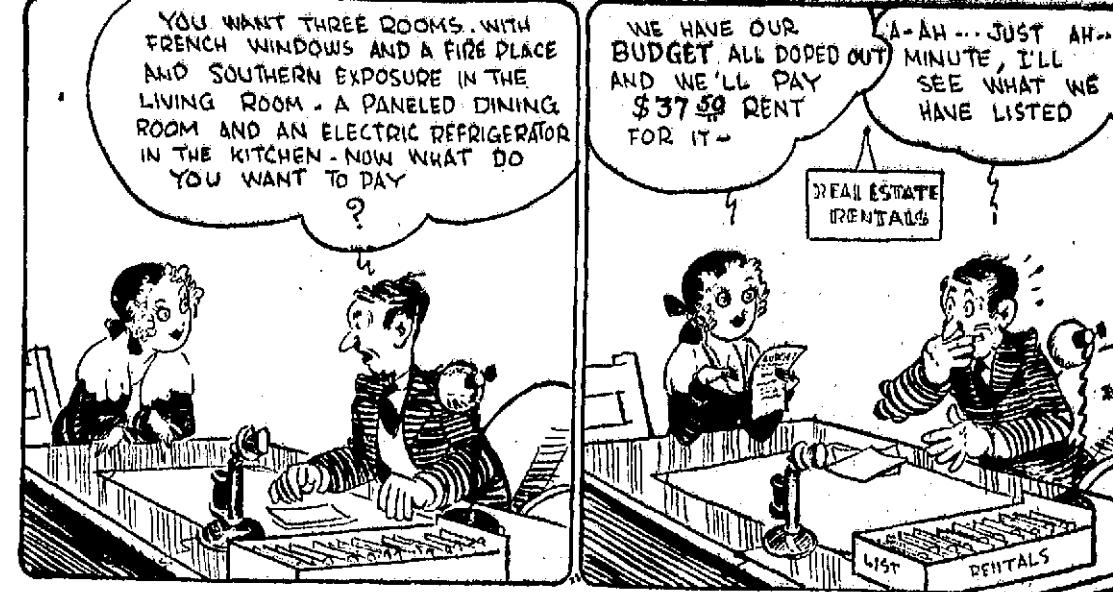
Stage Shows at 3:15 and 9:20 p. m.

NIGHT

Lower Floor.....15c-75c
Balcony.....15c-50c

NOTE—No Passes Honored at This Attraction

MOM'N POP

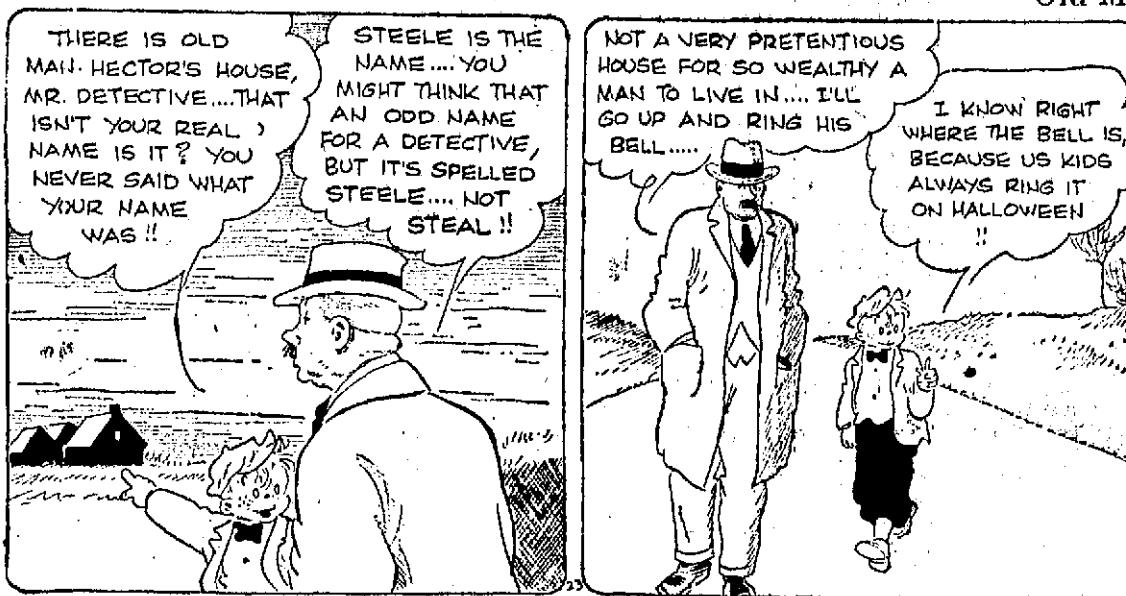


Home-Hunting!

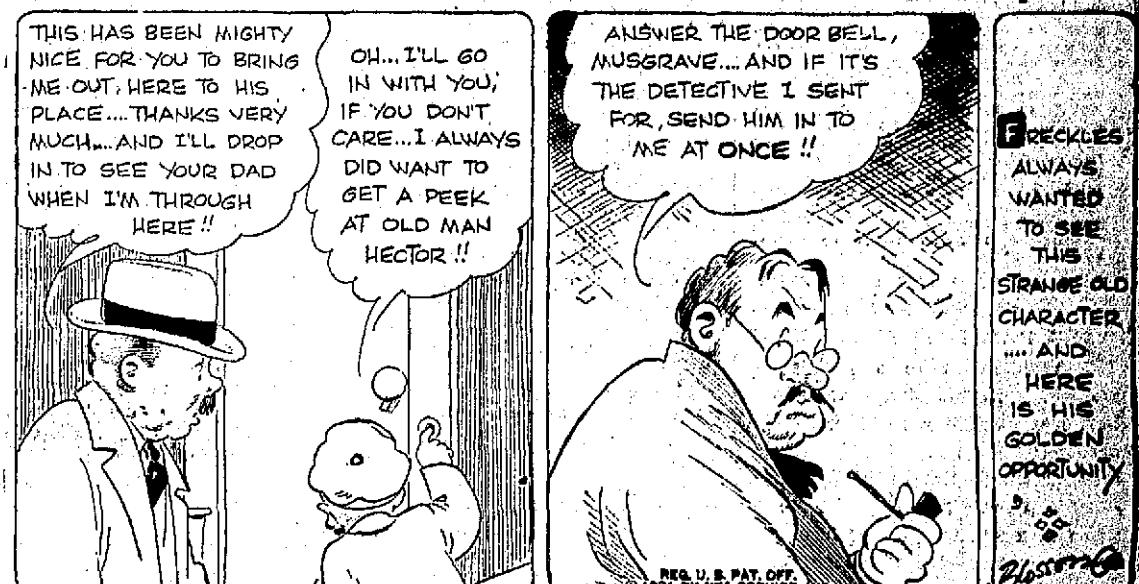


By C. G. COOK

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Old Man Hector!



By C. G. COOK

SAENGER



A BEIGE moire envelope for spring has a very ingenious fastening of brown composition. The strap is punched with an underlay of dark brown.

Chas. Dana Gibson left today for Dallas, Tex., where he will attend the Texas Rexall Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McGaughay entertained at a most attractive bridge party Saturday evening at their home on South Elm street for the pleasure of their house guest, Mrs. Dorris Cone Belsler of Little Rock. The rooms were beautifully decorated in spring flowers, with sweet peas, snap dragon and carnations predominating, the Easter motif was observed in the accessories for the six table arranged for bridge. High score for the ladies went to Mrs. C. W. Williams and for the men to J. F. Porterfield. Following the bridge game, a very clever contest was held, with Mrs. R. V. Herndon winning the prize. The honor was presented with a dainty gift of remembrance. At the close of the games, delicious refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Horton of Nashville spent yesterday visiting with their mother, Mrs. F. S. Horton.

Carter Gibson, who has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gibson Sr. and little daughters, Edris and Nedra for the past few days, left today for Dallas, where he will attend the Texas Rexall Convention, before returning to his home in San Angelo, Tex.

The Mothers Singers Chorus will meet for practice Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. O. A. Graves on North Washington street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crow and son Harry, Jr., of Texarkana were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wingfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Holloman have returned from a stay in Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Victor and children of Warren, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Frank Miles.

Mrs. Pat Rising and daughter, Kathryn of Texarkana, are spending the week visiting with Mrs. Bising's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLarty.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardin Bale, Mrs. Nora McWilliams and Mrs. John Bale, of Little Rock, and Mr. and Mrs. Lon Bale, of Houston, Tex., were Sunday evening visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Muldrow of North Hervey street.

The following out of town people, who were here to attend the funeral of Mrs. S. H. Fice late last week, returned to their homes Saturday and Sunday: Mrs. H. P. Miller, Mrs. Ernest Walter, and Mr. and Mrs. Arch Miller of Pine Bluff; S. F. Roberts of Cadron, Ark.; Sidney Roberts or Roseboro, Ark.; J. H. Rice of Fort Smith; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Whiteside, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Pate, Audrey and A. B. Cox, Mrs. K. P. Driver, Mrs. E. Muddox and Mrs. W. B. Womack, all

Rocket Motor of New Type Devised

200-Horsepower Engine Weighing Only 14 Pounds Achieved

BERLIN—(P)—Development of a 200-horse power, "vest pocket" motor weighing only 14 pounds, which is expected to revolutionize long-distance airplane flying, has been accomplished by Paul Heylandt, a German expert on liquid gases.

With Max Valier, the inventor last year surprised the world with a rocket motor propelled by recoil caused through igniting liquid air mixed with gasoline. Herr Heylandt will arrive in New York for a visit soon.

By improving and enlarging his rocket-motor, Heylandt now believes he has a motor which surpasses any gasoline motor for economy, simplicity and safety.

"By May or June we will be able to demonstrate that a continuous stream of propulsive energy can be created by our invention, which is superior to powder rockets where the stream is sporadic," he said.

"Our motor is so heat and cold proof that it no longer blows out as it did last year at times. Throughout the winter we have been improving our materials and determining what maximum combustion can be effected without shattering the motor.

"Unfortunately, the only field available for demonstration is at the Tempelhof airdrome, where the track is flat at the curves and the straightaway is short. Consequently we do not expect a racing car can be driven there faster than 100 miles an hour. Eventually we may test it out at a better field.

"All this is merely preparatory to our final goal of developing a motor for transatlantic flying. I am in no hurry about this for I place safety and scientific accuracy first. I am interested in this as a scientist and not as a sportsman.

Just Days in the Week

BAKER, Ore.—(P)—Mrs. George Austin of Austin, Oregon, hired a new farmhand who gave his name as Friday. Mrs. Austin telephoned an employment agency asking for another man. He arrived Monday and said Monday was his name.

Ravens Kill Sheep

HOQUIAM, Wash.—Predatory ravens have killed more sheep in the Hoh River Valley than cougars, according to ranchers. The birds fly low and pluck out the eyes of lambs and finally kill the helpless animals. They are too wise to be fooled by scarecrows.

Jap Ship Owner on Tour

SAN FRANCISCO.—(P)—Henkichi Kagami, president of the Japanese N. Y. K. line, who has just completed a \$60,000,000 shipbuilding program which included nine new motorships, will arrive here April 22 from Japan on the first lap of an international shipping survey. He plans to visit all important

Bees Aid Apple Crop

HARTFORD, Conn.—(P)—Bees, it seems, have a more important function than making honey and stinging the unwary; they help the apple crop. Testimony to this effect was introduced before the legislative appropriation committee by bee keepers, who advocated approval of \$6,000 expenditure for further research in apiculture.

Irate Over Losing Job, Man Is Slain

Is Shot to Death By Successor to His Job at Hot Springs Residence

HOT SPRINGS.—(P)—Wiley Jones, 31, was shot to death at the home of his sister-in-law Monday by E. B. Miller, following a quarrel over Jones' displacement in a job by Miller. Miller was arrested and charged with murder.

Mrs. B. Wildman, Jones' sister-in-law, said the men had been gunning for each other for a month. She said Miller replaced Jones in doing work around her house, for which she formerly paid Jones, and for which Miller received only board and room.

Frightened to Death

BENTON, Ill.—(P)—Guns frightened John Meyer, 65, "to death," he always said. When his son, John Meyer, Jr., alleged pointed a revolver at

Per capita consumption of wheat flour has dropped from 224 to 176 pounds annually in the last three decades, agricultural statisticians estimate.

Piles Go Quick

Without Sales or Cutting
Itching, bleeding, protruding piles are caused by bad circulation of the blood in the affected parts. The parts become weak, flabby, almost dead. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause—that's why salves, suppositories and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's prescription, HEM-ROID, succeeds because it removes congestion, restores circulation, heals and strengthens the diseased parts. HEM-ROID has such a wonderful record of quickly ending even piles of long standing, that Ward & Son says one bottle of HEM-ROID Tablets must end your pile agony or money back.

Baby Found in Church

NEW BRITAIN, Conn.—(P)—As tenent worshippers knelt before the stations of the cross in the stillness of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, a baby's wail rang out from the choir loft. Investigation revealed a two-weeks-old girl had been abandoned. City welfare officials will care for the infant.

Prescription Druggists

Bean Seed
Seed Corn
Cane Seed
Hegari, Sudan Grass
Monts Seed Store
Seeds, Plants and Fertilizer for Fields and Gardens

WARD & SON

"We've Got It!"

The Leading Druggists

Phone 62

Better Service!

Any prescription filled by us will be compounded from the freshest, purest and full strength drugs.

Careful, competent, registered pharmacists always in charge take care of your order instantly. Our fast delivery gives you the service you desire. Remember our phone 84.

John P. Cox Drug Co.

We Deliver.

We Give Eagle Trading Stamps

berries in 1931, says the annual strawberrie report of the College of Agriculture of the University of Kentuck.

him and demanded \$10, he stumped the floor. His son went to see what was the matter. John Meyer, Sr., was dead.

Bothered By Four Legs

VINCENNES, Ind.—(P)—A chicken, owned by Thomas Thompson, Jr., living here, has difficulty in walking despite the fact it has four legs, one of the legs are on its back and one of the others is dwarfed.

Make your house a

home!

---better furniture

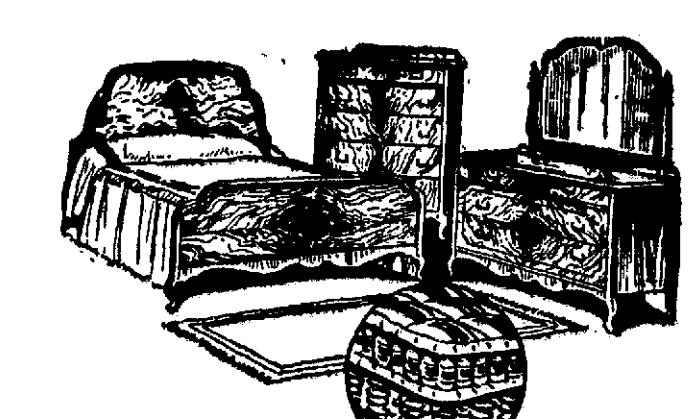
---better homes

NEW

Dining Room

Living Room

Bed Room Suites



Hope Furniture Co.

Trade Your Old Furniture in On New!

CALL FIVE

MAD MARRIAGE

Laura Lou BROOKMAN, Author of *HEART HUNGRY*

BEGIN HERE TODAY

GRETIE ROBBIE, 19-year-old girl, is new wife to Wallace, is *strange* and lonely when she meets ALAN CROSBY, just returned from a year and a half in Paris studying art. He longer has a home in Forest City, but lives with MRS. LANGLEY, wealthy divorcee, who considers herself a patron of art.

Gypsy, who has been married with Wallace and who is critical of her, accepts him impulsively. She accepts an invitation from her wealthy cousin, ANNE TROWBRIDGE, to go to the *Shanty* guest at a formal dinner. The party is a bore. She leaves to get her wraps and no home, where a noise in the next room opens the door to see a man climbing in the window. It is JAMES WALLACE, guest of the Trowbridges, who has entered the fire escape to avoid the dinner guests. Wallace tells Gypsy he has just been hit by his fiance, she admits she has had the same experience. To spite the Trowbridges, Wallace asks Gypsy to marry him. She first refuses but later accepts.

They are married next morning and take the train for Forest City, where they are welcomed by his aunt, MISS ELLEN WALLACE, who makes no secret of her hostility to the girl. Jim takes Gypsy to lunch at the Carson Inn, and there and she sees two women watching them. Gypsy asks who they are. Jim replies, "Someone I don't want to meet. Let's go."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVII

MRS. HALLIE BUTTERWORTH, resplendent in a purple ensemble, with her daughter behind her, less obtrusive in blue, headed across the room directly toward the table at which Jim and Gypsy were sitting. Gypsy had barely time to warn in a subdued voice: "They're coming over here!" before Mrs. Butterworth was beside them.

"My dear Jim," she began in a gushing voice, "we've heard the news and just had to come over to see if it's really true! Is it—I mean, is this—?"

Jim had risen. "How do you do, Mrs. Butterworth," he said. "Hello, Daphne. This is Mrs. Wallace." He turned. "Gypsy, I want to introduce some old friends—Mrs. Butterworth and Miss Daphne Butterworth."

"Then it is true!" beamed the older woman nodding her head vigorously as she spoke. "And this is the little bride!" She stepped back, concentrating her smiles on Gypsy, but before anyone else could speak she was off again: "We heard this morning you were married and I declare you could have knocked me over with a feather! Jim's one of our boys, you know. To think you're actually married. My—it must have happened all of a sudden, didn't it? Young love, I suppose!"

Her voice carried to half a dozen surrounding tables. Jim's face burned with slowly mounting color. "Won't you sit down?" Gypsy suggested.

"Oh, no, thank you, my dear, but we can't stop. We're on the wing. Yes—on the wing! Where is your home, Mrs. Wallace? I suppose you're a stranger in Forest City?"

"I've always lived in New York," Gypsy told her.

"So that's where you were married. Daphne and I had been wondering. Quiet wedding I suppose since none of Jim's relatives were there. They weren't, were they, Jim?"

Mrs. Butterworth's inquisitive gaze darted from one to the other. The purple hat flaring abruptly back from her forehead was trimmed with a feather ornament of brighter shades. It reminded Gypsy of a headlight, singularly appropriate considering Mrs. But-

terworth's dynamic approach. The woman's cheeks were florid and her spectacles bobbed as she talked.

Wallace was annoyed. "No," he said, "none of my relatives were at the wedding."

Since he did not volunteer any other information Mrs. Butterworth tried again:

"Well, of course lots of people prefer a small wedding," she went on. "Sometimes I think they're ne'er. Only I was thinking about your Aunt Ellen. Must seem queer to her for you to bring home a wife. Is she going to live with you?"

"I don't think Aunt Ellen has quite settled her arrangements," Gypsy spoke up slyly. "You must come to see us some day, Mrs. Butterworth. I'm awfully anxious to know all Jim's friends."

DAPHNE, who throughout the conversation had been shadowed by her mother, now interrupted. "Don't you think we should go now, Mother?" she said. "My appointment was for 1:15."

"Oh, of course. I'm simply delighted to have met you, Mrs. Wallace. You're a sweet little thing—yes, you are! You and Daphne will have to get together. I'm sure you'll have a lot in common. Give my love to your aunt, Jim. Come, Daphne. Goodby!"

With a heart-felt "goodby" Jim dropped down to his chair. "Town pest!" he grumbled. "That woman can't gossip a mile off and tell everything she knows. Never saw such a person! Only reason she came over here was to see what she could find out. Say—you knew how to handle her though. That was smart not to give her any satisfaction about Aunt Ellen."

Gypsy smiled. "I was afraid you'd do something violent," she said. "You looked as though you were about ready to."

The waiter brought the dessert. Wallace said, "There's one other place I'd like to take you since we're downtown. How about coming over to the office? Mark ought to be there now. Like to go?"

She told him she would. They rose to leave and Wallace noticed she was carrying a small object.

"Chicken," she explained, "for Pat. It's just a little piece, I wrapped it in my handkerchief."

"Oh, ho—so you're resorting to bribery!"

"It isn't that. I just didn't think it was right for poor Pat to stay out in the car in the cold while we were eating and not get anything for it. Won't he be hungry?"

"He'll eat chicken all right—any time. But be sure there's no bone. Chicken bones are bad for dogs."

They crossed the lobby and went out on the street. The roadster was parked at the right. As they neared the car the fox terrier's head appeared over the seat and he began wriggling delightedly.

Jim held the door back for Gypsy, then climbed in at the other side. The terrier had sniffling the chicken and his excitement redoubled. Gypsy fed him bit by bit, as they rode down the street and Pat accepted the morsels politely.

They turned to the left. Two blocks further and Jim drew in toward the curb. He parked the car and all three got out.

There were two tall office buildings in the row but they passed these. Half way down the block was a three-story brick structure with a stairway at the side. A man appeared in this doorway.

(To Be Continued)

Bent It! Find It!
Buy It! Sell It!

with

HOPE STAR WANT ADS

The more you tell,
the quicker you sell.

1 insertion, 10¢ per line,
minimum 30¢
3 insertions, 7¢ per line,
minimum 50¢
6 insertions, 6¢ per line,
minimum \$1.00
26 insertions, 5¢ per line,
minimum \$4.00

(Average 5½ words to the line)

NOTE—Want advertisements accepted over the telephone may be charged with the understanding that the bill is payable on presentation of statement, the day of first publication.

PHONE 768

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Six room house, furnished, at 406 Spruce street. See Mrs. E. Schooley. Phone 1612 18-6t.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished house, close in. Phone 664. 18-6t.

NOTICE

NOTICE—We repair gas stoves and make all kinds of new parts at low prices. We repair and rebuild refrigerators. If it's made of sheet metal, we make it. Halliburton Sheet Metal Works. Phone 611. 20-6t.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Single Comb White Leghorn Hatching Eggs. State accredited flock. 55 hens produced 31.2 dozen eggs during month of February. Erie C. Turner, Box 266, Hope, Arkansas. 21dth.

BRAMER QUALITY S. C. W. Leghorn chicks. Direct from High Egg Record Pedigreed stock. Customers report raising them almost 100 per cent. Special Free Chick offer good for a short time only. Catalog free. Bramer Poultry Farm, Texarkana, Arkansas.

RACING BILL

(Continued From Page One)

Arkansas taxpayers a cent."

Meanwhile, the owners of Oaklawn Golf and Jockey Club at Hot Springs, considered one of the finest racing plants in the country, are keeping the track in good shape and are prepared to open it on short notice if the legislature and Governor Parnell give them the chance.

If the bill intended to be introduced is passed, an election must be held for the purpose of determining whether a majority of the voters in any county desire to legalize pari-mutuel betting.

Since Hot Springs in the past has been the only city openly advocating racing, it is believed that only Garland county would desire to vote on the bill.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock Hatching Eggs. \$1.00 per setting. Accredited flock. Also some roosters. Delivered. Fred Miller, Palms, Ark., Rt. 1. 19-3t

FOR SALE—Accredited Buff Orpington baby chicks 13¢ each. Phone 1609 R4. S. L. Churchwell, Route 1, Washington.

FOR SALE—Nancy Hall sweet potato seed. \$1.00 bushel. E. F. Simmons, Hope, Rt. 1, Phone 1614-F32 16-8t.

Cane Represents 26 States

NOTICE—We repair gas stoves and make all kinds of new parts at low prices. We repair and rebuild refrigerators. If it's made of sheet metal, we make it. Halliburton Sheet Metal Works. Phone 611. 20-6t.

HELP WANTED

HELP WANTED—Large responsible Company has unusual opening in Hope for reliable man to take over established home service; excellent earnings; good references required; lifetime opportunity. Address R. D. Brooks, 70 W. Iowa, Memphis, Tenn. 9-15-23-30c

SERVICES OFFERED

Have your clothes laundered the May way. They last longer. 719 W. Division St. 25-6t.

"There's Mark now!" exclaimed Jim. "Oh—Mr. Harrison!"

THE man turned. Gypsy saw that he was short—only a little taller than herself—and heavily built. He wore a black hat and beneath the brim his hair looked snow white. He had a white, squarely cut mustache and he was smoking a long cigar.

Harrison waited for them to come nearer. "Hello, Jim," he said. Wallace began eagerly, "Mr. Harrison, this is Gypsy. Brought her down to have a look at the place upstairs. Gypsy—"

Mark Harrison grasped the girl's hand heartily. "Glad to know you, my child," he said. So you're the young lady Jim's up and married. Glad to know you!"

"I'm glad to know you too, Mr. Harrison," Gypsy said. "Jim's talked a lot about you."

"That so?" The older man looked up at Wallace doubtfully. Harrison's voice was gruff but Gypsy knew at once that the harshness was a mannerism. His gray eyes were quizzical but not unfriendly. "Well, I'd like to have heard what he said. Come—let's go upstairs."

The dog pattered after them up the long flight. On the glass of the door at the top was the legend: "Harrison, Mills and Wallace, attorneys at law." Inside was a small waiting room. An attractive girl sat at the desk facing them. She looked up and smiled as they entered.

Wallace stepped forward. "Miss Otis," he said, "this is Mrs. Wallace. Gypsy, Miss Otis is about the busiest person down here. Any time I'm not in you can leave a message with her. She knows where I am, where I was and where I'm going even before I do."

The two girls shook hands. Then Harrison led the way into the front office which was his private sanctum.

"Sit down here, Mrs. Wallace," he said, pointing to a worn leather armchair. Gypsy sank into its comfortable depths and Mark Harrison tipped back in his, high, old-fashioned desk chair.

It was a long room with shelves of dingy-backed law books against two walls. Directly over Harrison's desk was suspended a green-shaded light. It was burning and yet the room was half in shadow. Through the two windows at the front sifted gray light. Framed photographs decorated the walls. The place seemed mellowed by age and clouds of tobacco smoke.

Harrison's desk was a litter of books and manuscripts. Carefully he shoved some of them aside to reveal an ash tray and put down his cigar.

"Now let's have a look at you," he said, leaning forward in his chair. Um—um! Pretty girl! Don't look old enough to be married though. Jim says you're from New York."

Gypsy nodded. Mark Harrison was the most genuinely friendly person she had met in Forest City. She liked his bluff, matter-of-fact ways.

"Well, you'll get used to us after awhile," Harrison continued. "Every place you go is pretty much alike. No tall buildings here. Not so much noise as New York, but people don't vary much. Do they Jim?"

"But Ellen," her neighbor on the right was saying, "what on earth are we going to do?"

(To Be Continued)

When they reached the sidewalk Jim offered to drive Harrison to his appointment but the older man shook his head. Walking, he said, was his exercise. It wouldn't hurt Bill Hutchinson to wait another 10 minutes. It would be good for him. With a courtly salute Harrison turned his back and walked away briskly.

It was nearly three o'clock when the green roadster turned into the drive leading up to the Wallace home. Pat jumped out first. Jim left the car where it was and went up to the door with Gypsy. As they entered the house they heard voices coming from the living room.

Jim took a quick glance and ducked back again. "Ye gods!" he groaned. "More gabbling!"

They were women's voices and Ellen Wallace's rose above the others.

"Oh, Jim, I don't want to meet any more people now!" Gypsy whispered. "Won't it be all right if I go upstairs?"

"Sure—go along! I'll face the mob—tell 'em you've got a headache."

Gypsy smiled gratefully and ran up the stairs. Her husband hesitated a moment, then disappeared into the library. "Trouble!" he mumbled as he went.

In front of the living room fireplace three middle-aged women sat with chairs drawn close together. Ellen Wallace was in the center of the group.

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